

The



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& BYSTANDER

JULY 31, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS JULIA WILLIAMSON

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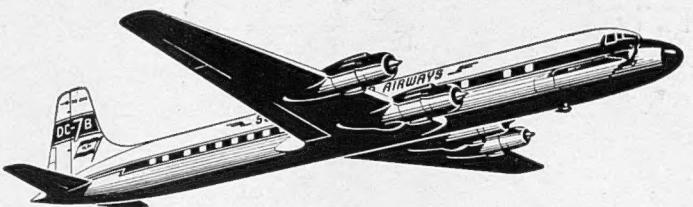
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DIARY OF THE WEEK.

From July 31 to August 7



MISS JULIA WILLIAMSON is the daughter of Col. T. C. Williamson, D.S.O., of Beaumont Hall in Essex, and of Mrs. David Lycett-Green, of Bilborough Manor, York. She was presented to the Queen on April 3, and had a coming out dance on July 2 at the Hyde Park Hotel. Miss Williamson went to a finishing school in Paris and speaks fluent French; her favourite sport is riding and she hunts with the York and Ainsty South and the Bramham Moor Hounds.

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POSTAGE: Inland 3d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 2½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

July 31 (Wed.) Lawn Tennis: Junior American Tournament at Hurlingham.

Cricket: Surrey v. West Indies (to August 2nd) at the Oval.

Cheltenham Horse Show.

Embroidery Exhibition in aid of Poliomyelitis Research (to August 17th) at Selfridge's.

First Night: *Yerma* at the Arts Theatre.

Racing at Goodwood (Goodwood Stakes) and Redcar.

Aug. 1 (Thu.) The Princess Royal will take the salute at the Sovereign's Parade at the R.M.A., Sandhurst.

World Jubilee Boy Scout Jamboree (to 12th), Sutton Park, Warwickshire.

Lawn Tennis: Preparatory Schools Tournament at Hurlingham (two days).

Battle of Flowers at Jersey.

Racing at Goodwood (Goodwood Cup) and Redcar.

Aug. 2 (Fri.) Durham County Show at Chester le Street.

Dance: Lady Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and Mrs. Douglas Harrison for Miss Gillian Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and Miss Undine Harrison, at Coldwaltham House, Pulborough, Sussex.

Racing at Goodwood (Chesterfield Cup).

The Queen and Prince Philip will visit the Scout Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield.

Aug. 3 (Sat.) Cowes Week Regatta (to 10th), Cowes, Isle of Wight.

Polo: Semi-final Harrison Cup at Cowdray.

Racing at Epsom, Warwick and Thirsk; steeple-chasing at Newton Abbot.

Aug. 4 (Sun.) The Queen will visit the Girl Guides' World Camp in Windsor Great Park.

Polo: Final of the Cowdray Park Cup at Cowdray.

Lawn Tennis: Hurlingham Club American Tournament.

Aug. 5 (Mon.) Prince Philip will be present in the Royal yacht Britannia at the Cowes Regatta until August 10th.

Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales (to 10th) at Llangefni, Anglesey.

New Forest Pony Show at Burley Manor Park; Alton Horse Show, Alton, Hants.

Polo: Final of the Harrison Cup at Cowdray.

Racing at Epsom, Newcastle, Chepstow, Ripon and Wolverhampton.

Aug. 6 (Tue.) Dublin Horse Show at Ballsbridge, Dublin (to August 10th).

Racing at Brighton, Ripon, Wolverhampton and Chepstow.

Aug. 7 (Wed.) S.S.A.F.A. Tattoo (to 16th) at the White City.

Racing at Brighton, Yarmouth and Pontefract.



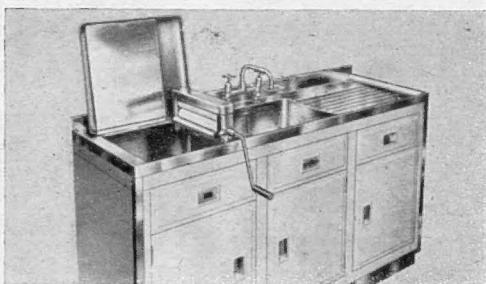
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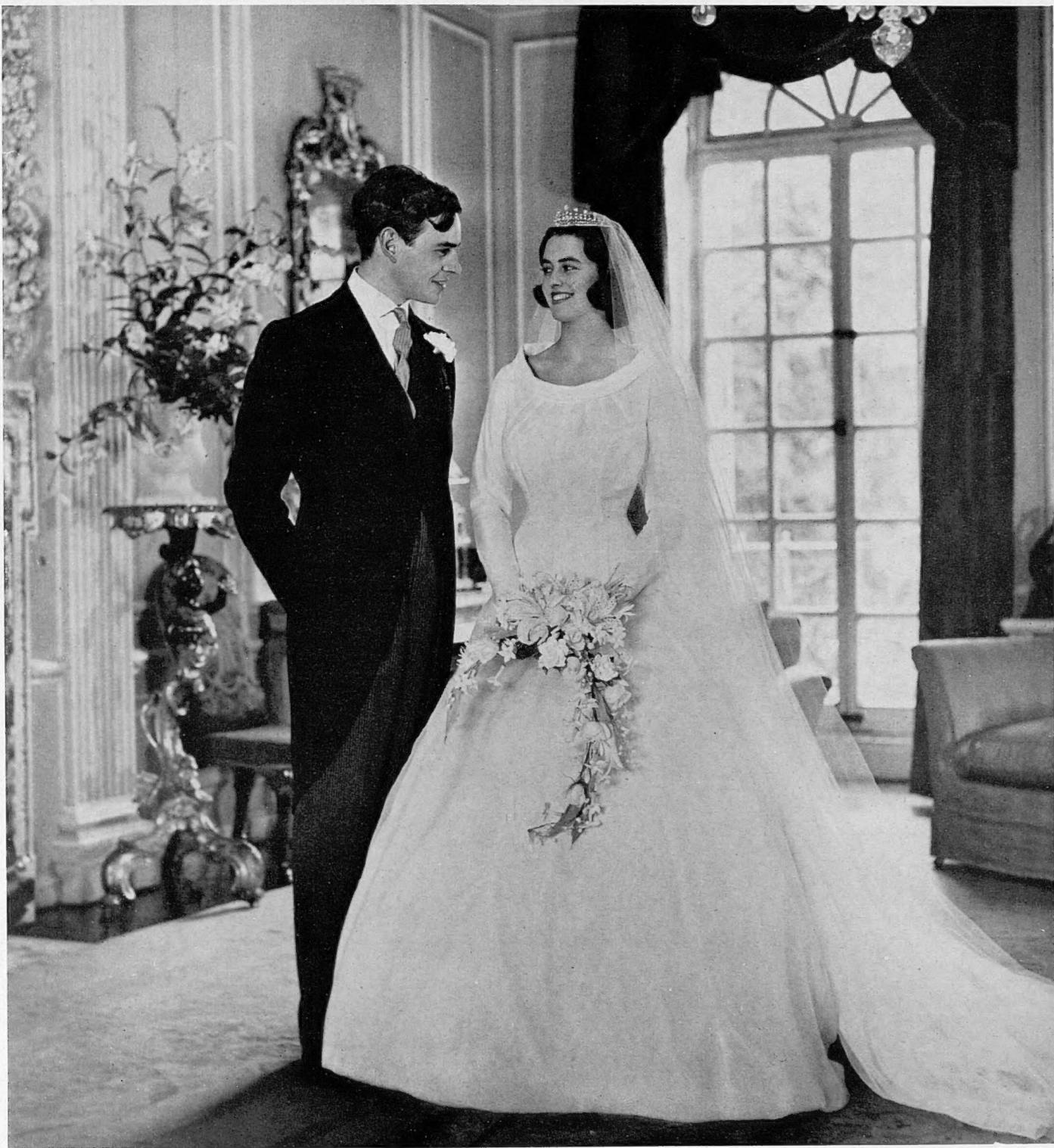
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An officer of the Blues and his bride

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA was present at the marriage between Mr. Thomas Raymond Dunne, Royal Horse Guards, and Miss Henrietta Rose Crawley, which took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, this month. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Capt. Philip Dunne,

of Gatley Park, Herefordshire, and of Mrs. Margaret Dunne, of Chadshunt, Warwickshire, and the bride is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, of Littledene, near Lewes. Outside the church a Guard of Honour was formed from the Royal Horse Guards

A DOUBLE DEBUT AT WOBURN ABBEY

A HIGHLY successful combined coming-out dance was held for Miss Lorna Lyle and Lady Daphne Cadogan in the elegant surroundings of Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire. More than 600 guests were entertained by the Duchess of Bedford and Countess Cadogan on this very brilliant occasion

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe



The Duchess of Bedford, Countess Cadogan, the Duke of Bedford, Lady Daphne Cadogan, Earl Cadogan and Miss Lorna Lyle

Miss Jennifer Daw and Mr. Ian McCorquodale looking at the Canalettos, of which the Duke has a unique collection



Lady Caroline Cadogan with a youthful guest, James Innes

Mr. Richard Hawkins and Lady Sarah Cadogan





Mr. Jacques Robertson and Miss Sally Probart Jones had a staircase supper



Miss June Ducas, Mr. Michael Todhunter and Lady Anne Nevill in the library



Miss Marina Kennedy on the terrace with the Marquess of Tavistock

Miss Julia Stonor and Mr. Bromley Davenport were guests



Mr. David Walter, Miss Julia Williamson, Mr. Richard Hawkins and Lady Brooke

Miss Daphne Turner talking to Mr. Tim Thornton and Mr. Tom Craig





THE QUEEN MOTHER is here in the paddock at the Salisbury racecourse during her recent visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Among the races which Her Majesty watched on this beautiful course was the Queen Mother Stakes, the entrants for which are seen parading

Social Journal

Jennifer

RADIANT EVENING AT WOBURN



Tony Armstrong Jones

MISS FIONA DUTHY is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy. She has been studying art in Boston, Mass., where she held a one-man exhibition

WOBURN ABBEY, with its many magnificent pictures and other works of art, made a lovely setting for the coming-out ball which the Duchess of Bedford and her sister Countess Cadogan gave for their débutante daughters Miss Lorna Lyle and Lady Daphne Cadogan. The Duke of Bedford and Earl Cadogan stood receiving the guests with their wives; both hostesses wore superb heirloom diamond tiaras and diamond necklaces with long evening dresses. The two girls looked very attractive, also in long dresses, Lorna in a lightly printed organza of a bluish tint, and Daphne in a beautiful shade of pink organza, cleverly cut.

As guests drove up the long drive where the deer were grazing, or lying in wonderment watching the cars arriving, they were greeted with the memorable picture of Woburn Abbey, one of England's finest baronial mansions, with lights shining from every room and each end cleverly floodlit. Inside in the fine entrance hall a huge bowl of deep red roses was arranged on a big oak table in the centre, and four vases of magnificent auratum lilies stood in each corner. These, like the flowers in the ballroom and some of the other rooms, had been arranged by Lady Pulbrook and her clever assistants, who have done much of the floral décor for parties during the past year. The long terrace was covered in for the evening, and here small tables were arranged so that guests could sit and watch the dancing when they did not want to dance themselves. A long marquee had been built on the lawn adjoining this terrace as a ballroom, and on the three walls for the evening were some of the Duke of Bedford's exquisite Canalettos! A buffet supper was served in the dining-room where there hung more superb Canalettos, from what is perhaps the finest collection in the country.

The Duchess of Bedford's and Countess Cadogan's mother the Duchess of Leinster was there, dancing frequently during the evening, also their sister Denise, Lady Ebury and her two young teenage daughters the Hon. Linda and Hon. Kiloran Grosvenor, and the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, and his wife. Other relations there included Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Lyle, Viscount Chelsea, back on leave from his regiment in Germany, Sir Gavin Lyle, Lady Sarah Cadogan, eleven-year-old Lady Caroline Cadogan, the Marquis of Tavistock, the Hon. Minty Yarde-Buller, Lord Francis Russell and the Hon. William Grosvenor. Among the older guests I met enjoying this wonderful ball were the Duchess of Argyll, the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, the Marchioness of Northampton, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, and Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, who brought Lord and Lady Herbert and a big

party of young people—the Wernhers' lovely home and gardens, Luton Hoo, where they have the famous Wernher collection and superb art treasures, is like Woburn Abbey now open to the public during the summer months.

I also met the Countess of Rosebery, who brought a party including her son and daughter-in-law Lord and Lady Primrose, the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale who had a house party at Camfield Place for the ball, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Jimmy Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward, Judge John Maude and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Sir Francis and Lady Peake, the latter very pretty in a dress of white spotted net, and Earl Beatty, who brought a big party including Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, the latter looking very pretty in a silver and white crinoline.

Other dinner hosts and hostesses I met included Lady Dashwood, Lord and Lady Brocket, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, and the Hon. John and Mrs. Grimston of Gorhambury. I also saw the Earl and Countess of Derby, Lady Anne Elliot, Lady Hesketh, Sir Henry Channon, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., the Hon. George Ward and Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan. Young marries I saw included Lord and Lady Carnegie, Lord and Lady Brooke, Viscount and Viscountess Stormont and the Hon. Hugh and the Hon. Mrs. Fraser.

Among the large number of young guests dancing were Viscount Reidhaven, who was off to Portugal for a month a few days later, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis and her fiancé Mr. Joseph Czernin, Lady Frances Curzon, Mr. Peter Barlow who is reading medicine at Cambridge, Miss Julia Williamson, Mr. Paul Channon, Miss Jennifer Daw, pretty in blue, Miss Patricia Huth, Miss Charlotte Croy, Mr. Harry Renwick, Miss Gail Clyde, Miss Felicity Ann Hall, Miss Julia Stonor, Miss June Ducas, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Mr. Tom Craig, Mr. Ian McCorquodale, Mr. Robert Buxton, Mr. Tim Thornton and the Earl of Brecknock.

Lady Anne Nevill was greatly enjoying the dancing, as also were Miss Beverly Halford, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Lucinda Roberts, the Hon. Elizabeth Cecil, Viscount Elveden, Miss Loretta Robinson and her brother Richard, Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths, Miss Mary Hays, Miss Alison Geddes, Miss Joanna Hirsch, Mr. Peter Glossop, Miss Tessa and Miss Marina Kennedy, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain and a great many more.

The following night the Duke and Duchess of Bedford had another ball here, in aid of the Bedfordshire Red Cross Society. There were eight hundred guests on this occasion, and around £1,000 was cleared for the Society.

The Duke of Bedford has done much to improve Woburn since he inherited it from his father four years ago. He has also made it one of the greatest attractions in the country for tourists, with numerous interesting things to do and see out of doors, as well as the fine treasures in the house. By running it in this modern and up-to-date way, he and the Duchess and their family are able to live here for at least part of the year.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE PHILIP, President of the National Playing Fields Association, attended the première of Ivan Foxwell's brilliant production of the film *Manuela* at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch. After Lord Luke, chairman of the N.P.F.A., had made several presentations, Prince Philip proceeded up to the front row of the circle where he sat between Mr. Ivan Foxwell and Lady Edith Foxwell. With his usual keen interest he wanted to know how a number of the shots had been taken. The leading rôles in the film are filled by Trevor Howard, Pedro Armendariz, and the enchanting Italian actress Elsa Martinelli who was at the première with her husband Count Franco Maninelli Scotti. I found *Manuela* first-rate, and enjoyed every moment of it as much as I enjoyed Ivan Foxwell's production of *The Colditz Story*—to the extent, indeed, of leaving the theatre still thinking about the film and the fate of the heroine!

At the end of the show Prince Philip returned to Buckingham Palace where he and the Queen were giving a private dance. Mr. Ivan Foxwell and Lady Edith Foxwell, who was the very efficient chairman of the première and looked charming in a short dress of pale blue satin, and the Hon. Henry Cubitt and his very attractive wife in a long white and dark blue embroidered tulle dress (she was vice-president of the première), gave a joint supper party at the Cubitts' lovely house in Charles Street.

Among the audience who came to support this première and help to raise nearly £4,000 for the N.P.F.A., were the Cuban Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, who also gave a most enjoyable supper party after the première in their Mansfield Street flat, where they have such a wonderful collection of French Impressionist pictures, and other lovely treasures. Among those I met at the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt's very good party, after the première, were her



ETON BEAGLES BALL

FOLLOWERS of the Eton College Beagles and their friends held their annual Ball at the Dorchester. Above: Mr. C. N. Haworth-Booth, Master of the Beagles, Miss Wendy Ede and Viscount Knutsford

Miss W. Hodge, Mr. E. Loder
and Mr. D. Webb-Carter

Mr. Roger Boissil talking to
Miss Anne Melvine



Mr. Roger MacKinnon and
Miss Gillian Cochrane

Desmond O'Neill
Lady Gillian Pepys and Mr.
Terence Branch



A dance was given by Mrs. Nigel Capel-Cure and Mrs. Hubert Barry for their debutante daughters Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and Miss Rosemary Barry (above). The Hyde Park Hotel was lavishly decorated with summer flowers



Miss Diana Whitefield with
Mr. Desmond O'Donoghue

Miss Katherine Sachs and
Mr. Gerard Chichester



Miss Michelina Gibbs and Mr. J. Cecil watching
the guests arrive

very charming mother-in-law Mrs. Sonia Cubitt, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Earl Beatty, the Earl of Carnarvon who was having supper at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Beer, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Lady Dynevor, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. and Mrs. David Metcalfe, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and the Duchess of Argyll lovely in flame coloured chiffon.

Others who had come on from the film included the Maharajah and Maharani of Jaipur, the Marquess of Milford Haven, Lord and Lady Melchett, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, the Hon. Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Ward, his brother the Hon. George Ward who is Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence, Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, M.P., and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Lord and Lady George Scott, Sir Jock Gilmour, Mr. Eric Stocks, and Mrs. Jean Garland.

The guests also included Mr. John Phrantzes, who had given a very big and very enjoyable cocktail party the previous evening, Loelia Duchess of Westminster, Sir Allan and Lady Adair, Col. and Mrs. Murray-Lawes, the Hon. William Douglas-Home and his very pretty wife, the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Russell, and from the film world Trevor Howard, who received many congratulations on his fine performance, Kenneth More and his charming wife, Edana Romney, and Zena Marshall.

Before I went on to the dance which the Earl of Inchcape was giving for his niece Miss Bridget Hibbert, about which I will be writing next week, I went in for a short while to Mrs. Antony Norman's party where I again found more friends all enthusiastic about *Manuela*. Here I met Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, the latter attractive in black with touches of cerise, Lord and Lady Mancroft, Prince and Princess Weikeisheim, Mrs. Gerald Legge, Mr. Esmond Baring, Brig. Denis Fitzgerald, the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Norman, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee.

★ ★ ★

EVERY July, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who are an excellent host and hostess, give a wonderful party in London at the Savoy, and every New Year's Eve in New York, at their lovely Park Avenue apartment. For both parties invitations are eagerly awaited by their many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. This year's party in the River Room was one of the best they have ever given. Mrs. Miller, who is always exceptionally well dressed, looked very chic in Dior's white faille dress, and all her guests appeared to have put on their prettiest dresses. After a succession of débutante dances, where there is still a certain amount of rock-'n'-rolling (though that is now considered rather *passé*) it was rather pleasant to have more waltzes, which everyone danced so gracefully, and an evening of more elegance and dignity.

Among friends who I saw enjoying this lovely party, which went on until the early hours of the morning, were several members of the Diplomatic Corps, among them the very charming Cuban Ambassador Señor Dr. Roberto Gonzalez de Mendoza, whose wife is still away in Cuba; he was sitting talking to Lady Monckton, the Spanish Ambassador, the Duca de Primo de Rivera, and Mrs. John Ward. The German Ambassador and Mme. von Herwarth were dancing, also the Duchess of Buccleuch wearing her magnificent turquoise and diamond necklace and ear-rings, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the latter lovely in a smoky brown and white chiffon dress, the Duke and Duchess of



Miss Gillian Brooke, Mr. William Barry and Miss Edith Ives



Lady Susan Waldegrave with
Mr. Samuel Goodenough

Van Hallan



Miss Susan Wills and Mr. Simon Cooper asking
Tommy Kinsman to play a special tune

Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and Mary Duchess of Roxburgh.

Family parties included Viscount Astor in great form, with his brothers the Hon. Michael Astor and the Hon. Jakey Astor and their lovely wives, the Earl of Dudley, with his son and daughter-in-law Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, and his twin brothers, the Hon. Edward Ward and his wife and the Hon. George Ward, and the Maharanee of Jaipur accompanied by the Maharajah, very beautiful wearing an exquisite sari and superb jewels. Among other lovely jewels at this very elegant and amusing party were Mrs. Anthony Actor's very beautiful necklace of black pearls and diamonds—she was sitting with her husband and a group of friends—and Merle Oberon's emerald and diamond necklace, her parure of diamonds, her bracelet of large, single-stone, pear-shaped diamonds, and her diamond engagement ring which a friend jokingly described to me as a "skating rink!" truly dazzling display. Other stage and screen personalities I met at this party were Deborah Kerr dancing with her husband Anthony Bartley, Adrienne Allan, and Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, the latter dancing with Douglas Fairbanks whose charming wife was also dancing.

Among other gay and amusing friends present I met Mr. Whitney Straight and his very attractive wife Lady Daphne Straight, Mr. Peter Cazalet and his wife who looked exceptionally pretty in pink, Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava dancing with her husband His Honour Judge John Maude, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Col. and Mrs. Rex Benson, Vicomte and Comtesse d'Orthez and Mrs. Gerald Legge.

Mr. Henry Luce on a short visit to London was also there, as were Lord and Lady Dynevors, Lady Baillie walking with the aid of two sticks because of a broken ankle, the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, Sir Francis and Lady Peake, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mrs. Jean Garland in a lovely beaded pink dress, Mr. Peter Coats, Sir Henry Channon, Sir John and Lady Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph de Rafford, Princess Hohenlohe, Mr. Tony and Lady Elizabeth Clyde, the latter pretty in white chiffon, Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford and the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke.

* * *

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed the first night of the very amusing and light play *Odd Man In* by Claude Magnier, which has been well adapted from the French by the Hon. Robin Maugham, and is a splendid after-dinner entertainment. The play, which Henry Sherek presents, is directed by Harold French with an excellent cast—Donald Sinden, who is surely one of the cleverest comic actors, Derek Farr, who was splendid, and Muriel Pavlow, who acted well and looked enchanting, wearing exceptionally attractive clothes designed for her by John Tullis of Horrockses. The play got a wonderful reception on the opening night.

Among those in the audience were Lady Katherine Brandram accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lykiapoulo, Lady Millicent Taylour, the Hon. Robin Maugham, present to see how his most recent work was



Countess Manassei gave a dance for her debutante daughter, Miss Sandra Manassei (above), at their London home, 48 Hyde Park Gate. Debutantes and their escorts walked in the canopied garden, which was lit by candles

Miss Tania Tiarks and Prince Alexander Romanoff



Miss Sally Hunter and Mr. Michael Wigram



Van Hallan
Miss Lorna Lyle and the
Hon. Timothy Jessel



Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and
Lord Elveden



Victor Yorke

THE FLEET DANCES

WHEN the Royal Navy held its Victory Summer Ball at the Portsmouth Barracks, Admiral Sir Guy Grantham and Lady Grantham (above left) received the guests, assisted by Commodore J. Y. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson (right)



Lt.-Cdr. M. A. Enright, Mrs. Riley, Dr. Peter Riley, Mrs. Enright, Surg./Lt.-Cdr. R. Scutt, Mrs. C. Weston, Lt.-Cdr. C. A. W. Weston and Mrs. Scutt



Lt. G. Rogers, Miss Caroline Grantham, Miss Susan Grantham and Mr. Charles Lenox-Conyngham

received, his three sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Marr-Johnson, both successful novelists, and the Hon. Mrs. Sebastian Earl, who is an exceptionally clever portrait painter. The latter was accompanied by her husband Mr. Sebastian Earl and their sons Julian and Stephen. I also saw Mr. John Davis, managing director of the J. Arthur Rank film corporation, Mrs. Lewis Gilbert, wife of the successful film director, and her sister Mrs. Sosnow, Lord and Lady Gifford, Sir Michael and Lady Balcon and Mr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, the latter attractive in black chiffon with a lovely diamond brooch and ear-rings, who were sitting in a box.

Mr. Sherek was busy early next day with rehearsals for a television play, and was soon starting on rehearsals of a new play he is presenting on August 26 at the Edinburgh Festival. This is called *Man of Destruction*, starring Anton Walbrook and Moira Shearer. After Edinburgh, the play goes to Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds before opening in London in the autumn.

The following night I went to the Garrick Theatre to see *Oh! My Papa!*, described as a comedy to music. This I found tuneful, colourful and pleasant entertainment, with a cast who, although not yet well-known, can both sing and act, which is a change after some of the musical productions we have seen in recent years.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to the coming-out dance in the country given by Mrs. Christopher Vian and Mrs. Hugh Eaton, at the latter's home Enton Mill, for their daughters Lady Elizabeth Stopford, Miss Elizabeth Eaton and Miss Caroline Spicer. The lovely weeping willow trees surrounding the lake and the house and garden had been cleverly floodlit. Dancing took place in the house and supper under an awning on the terrace, while small tables and chairs had been arranged for guests all over the lawn. These were much appreciated as it was one of the hottest nights of the summer. Mr. Vian and Mr. Eaton were both there to help their wives look after their guests.

Many friends in the neighbourhood had kindly given dinner parties for the dance, among them Lady Rose Baring, Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, Madeleine Countess of Midleton, Mrs. Yvo Fitzherbert, Mrs. Nugent, Mrs. R. Rivers-Bulkeley, Sir John Child, Lady Bowater, Mrs. Brydon Gilroy, and the Countess of Brecknock whose son, the Earl of Brecknock, was also present. Other young people enjoying this dance, which went on until dawn, included the Hon. Janet Hamilton, Lady Mary Stopford, Miss Diana Child, Mr. Philip de Laszlo, Miss Julia Calvert, Miss Sarah Stanley and her brother Peter. Also Miss Julia Williamson, Miss Fiona Sheffield, the Hon. Robert Biddulph, Miss Annabel Ley, Mr. Hugh Peppiatt, Miss Gay Pinckney and Mr. Noel Shuttleworth, who were among those who dined with their joint hostesses before the dance.

★ ★ ★

I MET Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian just before she and her husband left for several weeks on the Continent. Mrs. Gulbenkian, who is French by birth and extremely chic, told me how busy she was arranging a Fashion Show, which is to take place at Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, on October 5. This is being organized in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association, for which it is hoped to raise a good sum. Tickets for the Fashion Show can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Close-Smith, Start Hill, Little Horwood, Buckinghamshire.



Lt.-Cdr. D. T. Wilkins and Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Derek Wright and Surg./Lt.-Cdr. R. Scutt



Major Peter Towers-Clark with Mr.
and Mrs. Brian Gething

THE JULY SALES

THE TWO-DAY July Sales of thoroughbred horses-in-training took place at Park Paddocks, Newmarket this month. Right: Star of France with her chestnut filly foal



Lord and Lady Porchester with Capt.
Charles Moore



The Marchioness of Cambridge with
Mr. G. Balding, the trainer

The Hon. J. P. and Mrs.
Philips



Mr. J. Tree, owner and trainer, and
Lord Rosebery



Mrs. Berkeley Stafford and Lady
(Rupert) Hardy



Mrs. King talking to Mr. G. Brooke,
the trainer



Dragon class yachts sailing at Cowes

"The Squadron"



Officials watching a race's progress from the Castle,
the Royal Yacht Squadron's clubhouse

FOR this one week of the year the sleepy old town of Cowes remembers something of its Edwardian splendours and, though the yachts are smaller than they used to be, the atmosphere has changed little. For one week the set of a spinnaker or the windward performance of a new hull will be of the utmost importance. The ghosts of early yachtsmen will smile approvingly, for Cowes came into being as a yachting centre during the Napoleonic wars. The founders of the Royal Yacht Squadron were arguing about new sails and rigging when the hulls of French men-of-war were just over the horizon.

It was on June 1, 1815, that a number of gentlemen, who were fond of sailing as well as the pleasant air of the Isle of Wight, decided to form a small club. It was to be a comparatively modest affair, with few requirements: the ownership of a sailing yacht of not less than ten tons and an annual subscription of three guineas.

THE social position of the members was, however, important, and it was at this point that the aristocratic spirit of the age proposed the resolution that "candidates must hold such social position as to commend them to the members of the club . . . the candidates to be proposed and seconded by two members of the club, two black balls to exclude." Those last five simple words were destined to lead to much bitterness and jealousy, and to many broken friendships. Implicit in them were the seeds of what has subsequently been called "the most exclusive club in the world."

The members decided upon a uniform for their club—a short, single-breasted blue jacket, and white trousers. It was described as a pleasing costume "if you had not too round a stern." These early members were typical products of their age, hard-living, hard-drinking Regency figures, whose disputes were settled, not

in the modern manner by recourse to the book of rules, but by fists, and even by cutlasses. No doubt, during this present Cowes' week, some race will be described as "fought to a finish," but in the early days some of them literally were. There was the famous occasion of the race between the Menai, the Lulworth and Lord Belfast's Louisa. The three yachts had raced against each other before, and neither their owners nor their crews were on the best of terms. The Menai soon ran aground, but the Lulworth and Louisa raced on neck and neck. As they neared Cowes the two yachts collided. It was then that the crew of the Louisa, drawing their cutlasses, proceeded to cut away the Lulworth's rigging, leaving her disabled. A subsequent decision in the club produced the famous ruling that "the use of axes in the cutting away of rigging was unjustifiable"!

IN 1829 the Admiralty issued a warrant granting the members of the Squadron the right to fly the White Ensign. It is this distinguishing caste mark which has set the Squadron apart from all other yacht clubs ever since.

During the Victorian heyday, when the Queen and her consort were at Osborne and the Isle of Wight had suddenly become the hub of British Society, the Squadron became a power in the land. It was now that the sinister implications of the "two black balls" were revealed. Neither wealth, nor position, nor political office counted with the members. Good breeding was essential, and next, perhaps that most English of virtues, "being a good fellow." Inexorably the black balls were cast against those who seemed lacking in either of these qualities.

In the latter years of Queen Victoria the Squadron was unanimous in closing its ranks against the industrialists and financiers who were being accepted into Society as the Prince's friends. "The annual blackballing of candidates" wrote a contemporary, "took place last Monday when one out of seven was elected." When the Prince himself proposed to send up the name of his friend "Tommy" Lipton he was warned that he would not be elected, and so Lipton's name was withdrawn from the list of candidates. It was during Edward VII's reign that one of the older members was heard to remark "I always blackball a fella if the ind's in the East"!

FQueen Victoria had set the seal of Royal approval on Cowes and the Isle of Wight, it was during her son's reign that the land became the Mecca of international society. "We all know," someone wrote at the time, "that good Americans when they die go to Paris, but nowadays they rarely seem to get farther than Cowes." Those were the great days of one-thousand-ton steam yachts, and huge gaff-rigged cutters; the days of the King's Britannia—perhaps the finest and most famous yacht ever built. After World War One it seemed as if yachting was doomed, until King George V—whose greatest happiness it was to be afloat converted the old Britannia so that she could compete with the new "J" class. The stimulus of this Royal patronage lasted right up until the last war; and subsequently H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh has maintained it, though in the smaller sphere of the Dragon class. Yachting in the thirties, far from dying, became more popular than ever before, and men like T. O. M. Sopwith employed their money and their brains in producing some of the most beautiful sailing vessels the world has ever seen.

The Squadron has mellowed a little over the years and has relaxed some of its Regency aristocratic exclusiveness—but not too much. It would be a pity if it did, for the Squadron has become a part of English tradition. Its gleaming brass cannons and its sacred lawn preserve something of that grace bounded by custom which is the hallmark of civilization.

A year or two ago an American friend of mine crossed the Atlantic to race his yacht in the Fastnet race. Their first landfall was at Cowes and, after over two weeks at sea, they were naturally eager to be ashore. They lowered their boat and made for the first landing stage that came to hand—it turned out to be the Squadron's private stage. As they were clambering ashore, bearded and salt-stained, an immaculate figure stepped forward and bade them cast off. Unwittingly, they were trespassing on holy ground.

"Who the heck was that?" one of the crew asked as they sought another place to land. My friend laughed.

"George the Third, I guess."

—Ernle Bradford



The Royal Yacht, Victoria and Albert, is seen arriving at Cowes in Regatta Week, 1921



Holiday-makers observing the racing from the Squadron's private jetty



Cynthia in full sail runs past the Royal Yacht Britannia



ROBERT MORLEY, who contributes "Roundabout" this week and next, is an actor, film star and dramatist whose play *Six Months Grace* (written with Dundas Hamilton) is now at the Phoenix Theatre. He is now essaying with panache the lead in the Drury Lane musical *Fanny*, in which he is seen with his singing co-star Ian Wallace



MISS VIVIEN LEIGH (Lady Olivier) is photographed standing on the stage of the St. James's Theatre which she, in company with many other distinguished people, has been struggling by means of public meetings to save from demolition

Roundabout

A STORM WARNING OVER ST. JAMES'S

Robert Morley

IT is a great pity that my mother-in-law has gone off to California. When she was here last summer she spent a good deal of her time and energy saving the St. James's Theatre, where she had some of her greatest successes including *The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney*. She was quite certain that she had saved it; indeed, she clinched the matter by ringing up, if not the Prime Minister, at least someone very close to him who gave her to understand that any fear of it being pulled down was groundless.

What she will say now or what she will do when she hears I cannot of course be certain, but knowing how she feels about it I must in all fairness warn the London County Council that though she is at the moment more than half-way across the world, they have still Gladys Cooper with whom to reckon. I shall not be at all surprised to find her returning at any moment to take charge of the protest arrangements and if necessary to chain herself and possibly other members of her family (with Miss Vivien Leigh as a great chaine) to the stage door. Any fool can open an office: only a lunatic would pull down a theatre to let him do so.

★ ★ ★

THEATRE business, never very brisk at this time of the year, is as quiet as most of us care to remember. Only once before in my lifetime have things seemed so black. The coming of the talking film precipitated a similar crisis about twenty-five years ago. This time it is television that has hit the live theatre where it hurts. But whereas last time it was the actors who suffered most from the slump, this time it is the managers or, more accurately, the theatre owners.

Before, all they had to do was to close their theatres for a few weeks and reopen them as cinemas. There is no such easy way out for them today. True they can sell out, and to a large extent they have already done so—the list of provincial theatres which are now being pulled down to make way for shops and garages is alarming. Alarming that is to those of us for whom the theatre is a livelihood, or was until recently. More and more actors today find an outlet for their talents and an income for their families on the television screens. It is not a large income but it has to suffice for the moment.

HOW long the moment will last is debatable. Some hold that the theatre will never again recapture the public it once attracted, and that when the theatre does stage a comeback it will be in a much more rarefied and intellectual form—more on the scale of the Paris theatre (there is no other French theatre to speak of). This means theatres will have to be smaller, costs and salaries lower and, so that production costs can be recovered more rapidly, the plays will have to be written for adults only, a phrase which in the English theatre has lost its meaning. Catering for adults has always been much more difficult than catering for children but now that the latter have found a new toy and no longer want to come out and play with us, we may be forced to have a go at amusing the grown ups. At any rate if we do so, we shall please the critics who have done their best lately to discourage everyone—actors, managers, playwrights and public alike.



UNDERGROUND METHOD

Late for a date, for the office,
your true love, rich uncle or
lunch
and at each escalator, like Fate
or
grim Pluto, a man with a punch
will pick on your ticket. . . . But
sometimes,
when you only need crawl like a
slug,
you offer it and he ignores you
or waves you away with a shrug.
Now what does this mean? Is
there, somewhere,
a sinister boss whose request
is that he demand certain
tickets,
serenely ignoring the rest?
I imagine the orders must vary.
On Mondays, perhaps, he will
say:

"Today stop each middle-aged
woman
in blue—let the rest get away.
On Tuesday you'll harry the
hatless,
on Wednesday, men with grey
hairs,
on Thursday all those in a
hurry—
and disregard curses or glares.
Alternate albinos on Friday,
on Saturdays Senegalese—
on Sunday I'll plan a new system
so more or less do as you
please."

All this I have idly imagined—it's merely a sort of a hunch.
But there must be some plan in
the mind of the man
about which of the bunch he
will punch!

—Lorna Wood

The difficulty is to find the playwrights. Even I, who in the past have occasionally fallen foul of the authors in whose plays I have appeared, realize one must have a script to start with, even if one doesn't exactly finish with it. Moreover as the stars drop out, if not of the sky, at least of the business, and open launderettes and public houses, the playwright must become more and more important. Television and cinema will continue presumably to exploit personality, while the theatre will have to try and exploit ideas. The world is full of people, but the people are not very full of ideas, and that of course is the problem.

★ ★ ★

IT was the night of Mr. Todd's party and I had collected my mackintosh and my magnum of champagne and in the company of my fellow-guests was wondering where next to go or loot when I saw Carol Reed. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever met Todd?" "Met him," I replied, "I've worked for him."

"When was that?" asked Carol. "You've seen the film?" spoke with a slight edge to my voice. Some hours later we met again. "I've been looking for you everywhere," Carol told me. . . . You must have thought me very rude but the truth is its over year since I saw the picture but now I remember you perfectly, you gave a most excellent performance . . . really excellent." Carol Reed is the kindest of men; he is the one director for whom all actors have enormous respect and liking . . . he is

never anything but patient and courteous on the floor and will go to any length to make them feel at ease when he directs them.

I mention this little incident because once you have dropped a brick, or think you have, for on this occasion it was at worst only a bricklet. (It is impossible to keep track of all the actors who act in *Round The World In Eighty Days*, so numerous are they and so brief their appearance). Once you have dropped a brick you can never pick it up, at any rate cleanly. Better to let it lie. However the instinct to retrieve it is overwhelming. I am always dropping bricks and then rushing in and standing on the fellow's toe while I grope for it.

THE only occasion within my recollection when I really didn't try, simply because I could think of nothing whatever to say, occurred some years ago in a shop in Liverpool and I still blush when I recall my blunder.

I was waiting to buy some notepaper and standing behind two large girls dressed alike in white muslin. As they left the shop I remarked to the lady behind the counter that if I had two such hideous twins I should hesitate to emphasize the matter by dressing them alike.

"In point of fact they are my daughters," was all the sales lady said.

It was a long time before I plucked up courage to go into a shop again and, indeed, have had a horror of twins and shops ever since.



BRIGGS

D

by Graham

SWEET SUMMER MUSIC

• A. J. Gregory •



ONCE again—for the sixty-third time, to be precise—the Proms are under way and for the next six and a half weeks, until September 14, it will be possible to take a cab to the Albert Hall any evening and be reasonably certain of finding something going on at the other end that one would like to hear. Though the season's programmes, true to the Henry Wood tradition, contain their fair share of novelties, including thirty works being played for the first time at these concerts, even the most timid concertgoer need have no fear. The tried and true will be well in evidence.

Four orchestras bear the brunt of the season's work; the B.B.C. Symphony, London Symphony, London Philharmonic and Royal Philharmonic. The regular conductors are Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron and John Hollingsworth; the guest conductors, Sir Adrian Boult (three concerts), and Hugo Rignold and Vilem Tausky (one each). Three choirs take part—the B.B.C. Choral, Royal Choral and Croydon Philharmonic societies—and close on 100 soloists, vocal and instrumental.

The season is as usual based firmly on the classics, with the three current leaders in the popularity stakes, Beethoven, Brahms and Tchaikovsky, represented by virtually all their most important concert works.

THERE are four evenings on which one may hear a good deal of Bach, and if the names of Haydn, Mozart and Schubert are encountered less frequently this is only a reflection—however deplorable—on their present relative drawing power.

Two special commemorative occasions must not be overlooked. This year we are celebrating the centenary of Elgar's birth and among the tributes being paid at the Proms is a performance (August 29) of *The Dream of Gerontius*, the first time that this masterpiece, of which Elgar himself said that it contained the best of him, has been given at these concerts. Nowhere near so much fuss is being made by our promoters of the gentle Grieg, who died fifty years ago, but the Proms are devoting a whole concert to his music—an evening (September 7) that will derive much of its excitement from the presence of the incomparable Kirsten Flagstad, who is to sing two groups of his songs.

FROM the vast amount of other good things the Proms have to offer, it is not possible to do more than indicate a few which promise unusual interest or excitement. Those who want to hear Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," which still retains all its blood curdling power, had better look sharp with their arrangement (tonight, July 31).

The major work on August 15, in a programme which also contains Elgar's Violin Concerto, is Holst's "The Planets," which has showed signs in recent years of becoming a best seller—the sheer visual excitement of a huge orchestra in action, no doubt, having some bearing on the matter.

Another huge orchestra will assemble on August 10 when the 150-strong National Youth Orchestra is to be conducted by Hugo Rignold. This remarkable organization, whose members are all in their teens, will give the first London performance of a Divertimento specially written for them by Malcolm Arnold, a composer of youthful exuberance and gusto to match their own.

Another of our younger composers—though time flies and presumably some of them must be getting on a bit now—comes before the public on August 31, when Alan Rawsthorne conducts the first performance of his Dance Suite, "Madame Chrysanthème."

Easily the most piquant event of the season, however, is promised for August 3, when the sight of Sir Adrian Boult, our most sedate and dignified maestro, presiding over that splendid piece of democratic Pomp and Circusband, Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," should help to scotch once and for all any stupid notion that N.A.T.O. is falling apart.

The opening chords are struck at the sixty-third Promenade concert with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Photograph taken at the opening performance by Godfrey MacDomnic



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*Mrs. C. Corbyn dancing with
Mr. Claude Williams*



*Mrs. Mitchell partnered by
Mr. Stephen Mitchell*



*Mr. John Boot and Miss Sarah Aldred
watching from the balcony*

*Mr. W. D. Cleaver and Mrs. Cleaver; the ball was
held at Nottingham University*

Van Hallan



*Mr. B. L. Hallward, and
Mrs. P. R. Allen*



*Mrs. Keegan, Col. G. Wharton,
and Mr. D. M. Keegan, M.P.*



Priscilla in Paris

TOWER OF BABEL ON THE SEINE

THE visiting swarms are upon us and Paris has become a Tower of Babel rather earlier than usual this year.

One of my French friends, just back from a visit to England, tells me that London is the most restful city she knows. I looked at her with astonishment. "You see," she explained, "everybody speaks English there!" I protested: "So does everybody speak French in Paris." "Oh no, they don't!" she replied. We were at a rather chatty cocktail party and she turned away to suavely murmur: "Ah . . . mio caro, com' e sta?" to a Salvadorish looking person who was bending his obviously newly lacquered head over her hand. This gave point to her remark, especially as one of my pet aversions wandered up to greet me with a gutteral "Ach, gnädige Frau . . . that sounded as if his throat was still in difficulties with the hair of the dog that bit him in August, 1944. Feeling anything but gracious I got rid of him as soon as possible and glanced around in search of a kindred soul who would speak only English or French. Half the languages that swirled around me I did not even recognize. It was with joyful relief that at last I found Oriel Malet whose new book, *Jam Today* (Gollancz), will be out in a few days. We got together and said naughty things about the celebrities who were present among the Monkey People. I felt especially critical of those who were linguists.

Yes! Paris is polyglottic and this, combined with the rainstorms, heat-waves, curious politics and high-cost-of-living that are features of our sensational, atomic age, is anything but restful.



Nevertheless, there are plenty of moments when, like a Chanticleer crowing on a muck heap, we feel life is good.

With its usual fanfares and speeches, the National Holiday took place on July 14, and fifteen thousand young soldiers from various points of the universe paraded down the Champs Elysées to the cheers of the multitude. It would appear that the multitude is not particularly martial-minded these days and was less multitudinous than of yore; but what can one expect when the fourteenth falls on a Sunday? With flivvers and scooters waiting along the kerb-stones the call of wide, open spaces (if there are any left) cannot be ignored. After all, if one gets back to Paris in time for the fireworks, one can always read the speeches next morning.

OTHER happy moments, when it was good to be alive, delighted us at the wedding of another of Mistinguett's pretty nieces that took place last week at Bougival, just outside Paris. This time it was the niece who is vendue at Jean Dessès'. "La Mis" did not encourage her young relatives to attempt theatrical careers! The bridegroom, Jean François Davay, is well known as a journalist. A profession of which auntie approved. All the theatre-world was present from one of the old stage hands of the Casino de Paris to Monsieur-Maurice-Chevalier-in-person, Cynda Glenn from U.S.A., and Gilbert Becaud from everywhere! There were also such personages as Minister André Cornu, General Corniglion-Molinier and Madame Carmen Tessier. It was a warm afternoon and after the reception it was pleasant to linger with old friends in the garden and exchange affectionate reminiscences about la Mis' under the shady trees that she planted a long, long time ago.

"I AM fifteen and I don't want to die" was a remarkable autobiography written by Christine Arnothy who lived, for more than a year during the Russian invasion of Hungary, hidden in a cellar at Budapest. It was a simply told, tragically vivid tale and was awarded the *Prix Verité* by the Académie Française. I am almost sure that it was translated into English two or three years ago and that a photograph of the young writer appeared in these pages.

Now Christine Arnothy has written what may be called a sequel entitled "*Il n'est pas si facile de vivre.*" Life is as precious to her as when she was fifteen, but she has found that "It is not so easy to live" as it might have been to die. Her escape from Hungary, her sojourn in a "Displaced Persons" camp, her struggle, later, to exist in Paris, and an unfortunate marriage make a bitter story, but it is written without the dispiriting morbidity so dear to the many would-be young Sagans of today.

Christine Arnothy writes in French with ease and elegance and a rare knowledge of *le mot juste*.



MYLENE DEMONGEOT is seen as Abigail in *The Witch Of Salem*, a Films de France production which will be shown in London this autumn. This film has been adapted from Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* which tells of New England witch-hunts.





At the Theatre

VARIATIONS ON THE TRIANGLE

"ODD MAN IN" (St. Martin's Theatre). Adapted from a French play, this is a very Parisian threesome, including as can be seen above, the husband (Derek Farr) threatening an innocent interloper (Donald Sinden), with sudden death. Since this is a triangle comedy, no actual slaughter takes place, despite the fears of the wife (Muriel Pavlow). Below, matters have now been seen in an altogether clearer and more cheerful light by the men. Drawings by Glyn Williams



NOTHING could be more seemly than the opening situation of *Odd Man In* at the St. Martin's. Two strangers fall into the same bed, and the young wife's husband returning home unexpectedly can hardly believe his eyes. He has a wild idea of shooting the fellow caught *in flagrante delicto*. But somehow nobody but himself can make out why he should be so cross. Finally the indifference of his wife and her sleeping partner to his feelings becomes unbearably fatiguing. He can't cope any more, and he finishes the night in the bed with the intruder while his wife sleeps on the sofa. Explanations must wait till the morning.

It is natural that George should be shocked at what merely amuses us. We know already exactly how it comes about that Jane and the man she has never met are sleeping peacefully together. She had taken a sleeping draught and wandered out into the garden while it took effect. The stranger's car had broken down, and the happy-go-lucky Mervyn came through the open door in search of a telephone and perhaps a drink. The drink he found was the other half of Jane's sleeping draught. That is why he sank down to an invitingly soft bed found in a dark corner of the living room. He was fast asleep before the drowsy Jane sank down beside him. Knowing all the facts, we are in a position to enjoy both the husband's righteous indignation and the bewildered innocence of its comatose objects. They cannot bring their half-awakened minds to bear on whatever is troubling him, and George is a man whose capacity for righteous indignation far exceeds his power to put it into words.

IT is Jane's firm conviction that the strange man is a friend whom George has tiresomely brought home for the night. Mervyn is stirred to interest in the proceedings only when he becomes hazily conscious that some lunatic is threatening him with a revolver. Even then, he is incapable of doing much about it, but fortunately for him George is much too decent a chap to shoot a sitting pheasant.

All this makes quite a novel approach to the familiar boulevard farce of husband, wife and the other man; and the opening situation, so long as it lasts, is delightfully funny. When it has been finished with the farce becomes more French and less funny. The jovial intruder next morning is struck alike by the charm of the wife and the dullness of the husband. Attracted by the one and encouraged by the other he finds pretexts to prolong his stay, and then makes it his business to put into Jane's mind the possibility that she may have forgotten some incidents of the night that she spent in drugged stupor. He has not thought it necessary to describe these incidents to the husband, but he describes them to her in luscious detail. If she remains not wholly convinced by him she is sufficiently moved to re-consider her relations with George. She begins to see him as a neglectful and a dull husband.

M. CLAUDE MAGNIER has thus manoeuvred himself into the happy position where many two members of his triangle at any point can be pitted against the third. He uses his advantage skilfully, and the last act is as funny in its way as the first and its end is surprisingly well contrived. Mr. Robin Maugham has anglicized the dialogue neatly enough, and Mr. Harold French has found for the company of three exactly the right formula for hybrid farce. Mr. Donald Sinden goes in for no subtleties but presents the philanderer gleefully, as though privately much amused by the preposterous things the character is asked to do. The husband in his comic insensitivities is the more difficult part, and Mr. Derek Farr manages him with a great deal of skill. Miss Muriel Pavlow is cool and efficient as the dissatisfied wife. She succeeds in making her quite inscrutable dissatisfaction a rather attractive trait of character.

—Anthony Cookman



DANCERS OF AMERICA

JOSE LIMON, regarded as the outstanding male modern dancer in the United States, was born in Mexico; he is seen here with his wife, Pauline Lawrence. He and his American Dance Company will give performances at Sadler's Wells Theatre from September 5 to 14 before touring the Continent. The dances in the company's repertoire draw their inspiration from such rich and varied sources as the Bible, Shakespeare, Eugene O'Neill, Mexican folk-lore



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The Duke of Beaufort talking to George Barker, the Quorn huntsman; the hound is Goater, reserve champion dog hound at the Show

FOXHOUNDS ON PARADE

MASTERS of Foxhounds from all over the British Isles and many well-known figures in the hunting world were among the spectators at the annual Peterborough Royal Foxhound Show

P. Durno, the Heythrop kennel-huntsman, Mrs. Douglas MacKinnon, joint-Master of the Heythrop, and their hound Spanker, the champion dog hound



The scene during the judging of the hounds

Lt.-Col. E. S. F. Morrison and the Duke of Northumberland, President of the Show





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in the un... ered bitch hound class

The Marchioness of Exeter with the Marquess,
who is starting a pack next season



*Mrs. A. J. Martyr and Mrs. Ronnie
Wallace*



*Miss Isabel Monckton and Mrs. M.
Uthwatt-Bouverie*



*Major J. G. Morrison, M.F.H., and
Jack Cobby, kennel-huntsman*



*Capt. Ronnie Wallace, joint-M.F.H.,
and Mrs. G. A. Murray-Smith*

*Lady Farquhar and Lt.-Col. Sir Peter Farquhar, who
was judging at the show*

Desmond O'Neill



At the Pictures

A POLISHED TRIUMPH

A FEW weeks ago I was thrown into a state of goggle-eyed amazement by the producer of a British film, who told me there had been so many story conferences on this particular picture that he really couldn't remember how it ended. The gentleman shall be nameless and deserves to be unemployed, for he obviously hasn't a clue to the duties of a conscientious producer. Mr. Ivan Foxwell has. He is a young man whose infinite capacity for taking pains approximates to genius.

Mr. Foxwell will read hundreds of stories to find the one he wants—will wait for months (years, if necessary) until he can assemble precisely the right cast, director and cameraman. He collaborates on the script, knows every line of dialogue, is present on location or at the studio throughout the shooting of every scene—and worries like mad the whole time. This is probably why his latest production, *Manuela*, is a very fine film indeed—a British film that can confidently compete in the world market.

Based on the novel by Mr. William Woods, it has been admirably directed by Mr. Guy Hamilton (who worked with the author and Mr. Foxwell on the screenplay) and beautifully photographed, in black and white, by Mr. Otto Heller.

MR. TREVOR HOWARD gives one of his greatest performances as James Prothero, master of the Conway Castle—a captain, "forty-three years old and up to the ears in alcohol," who hates his rotting ship, his rich owners and the sea. Senor Pedro Armendariz, shaven as bald as Mr. Brynner, is magnificent as Mario, the simple and susceptible chief engineer—and Signorina Elsa Martinelli, sloe-eyed and desirable, is moving as the half-



RICK JASON, as Johnny Chicoy, is co-starring with Joan Collins, Jayne Mansfield and Dan Dailey in *The Wayward Bus*

ELSA MARTINELLI as the half-caste-stowaway in *Manuela*; Miss Martinelli, Trevor Howard and Pedro Armendariz all give magnificent performances in this outstanding film





CYD CHARISSE dances her way through *Silk Stockings* as Ninotchka, a pillar of Soviet womanhood who becomes corrupted by the bourgeois-capitalistic charms of Paris and Mr. Fred Astaire

caste girl, Manuela, whom he smuggles aboard the Conway Castle at a South American port.

Part child, part woman, a widow of seventeen, Manuela is lovely enough to turn any man's head: she turns Prothero's. A passionate love affair develops between them and so great is the captain's infatuation that for three days and nights he lets his duties go hang.

While the lovers consume one another in the locked cabin, fire breaks out in the ship's hold—and by the time Prothero can tear himself from his love-making, the Conway Castle is past saving. Manuela is separated from Prothero when they take to the boats, but she still clings to their dream of a future together in England—and in the derelict little harbour where she is put ashore she waits hopefully for him. Whether or not she waits in vain, I will leave you to discover.

The scenes of a fire at sea are exceptionally well handled—the most convincing, I think, that I have ever seen—and there is a very good performance from Mr. Donald Pleasence as Evans, the worthy and pathetically unlikeable first mate. This, I feel, is a film you cannot possibly afford to miss.

ON the other hand, if you miss *The Monster That Challenged The World* you will have missed nothing of any consequence. It is an X-Certified piece of horror-nonsense, calculated to

make your hair stand on end—and, indeed, the dialogue alone is enough to do that very thing, it is so egregiously bad.

The Monster, a nasty-looking whopping-great mollusc, lives at the bottom of an inland sea where the U.S. Navy Department is conducting atomic research. It is said to be descended from the Kraken. Unlike its remote ancestor, who, according to Tennyson, has lain peacefully on the sea bed for ages, "battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep," this monster keeps popping up to drain unwary bathers of every last drop of blood in their body.

Mr. Tim Holt, as head of U.S. Naval Intelligence, looks into the matter and is shocked to find the monster is busily rearing a vast brood from eggs rendered radio-active by the Navy's experiments. One of these eggs is brought to the surface and stored in the research laboratory at, says that amusing Professor Hans Conried, a temperature below incubation point.

A FEARSOME, lisping moppet of five (Miss Mimi Gibson), who appears to have the run of the lab, drops in to see her favourite rabbit—and as the place seems a trifle chilly, turns on the heat. So the egg hatches—and while Mr. Holt is coping successfully with the submarine monsters, suddenly there's a new one running about on dry land in pursuit of Miss Gibson, who screams like anything. To my great disappointment, it doesn't get her—but then, even by the most juvenile science-fiction standards, it's a thoroughly disappointing film.

—Elspeth Grant



The old bridge which crosses the River Orb below the Cathedral of St. Nazaire at Beziers. On October's second Sunday men of the wine trade carry wine and grapes to the cathedral for their blessing

THE HÉRAULT—FRANCE'S CONCEALED WINE VAT

MRS. A. V. DAVIS, who took the accompanying photographs, describes in her article a wine-producing part of France on the Mediterranean little known to the British

Sleepy Méze, seldom disturbed by visitors lazes away its days on the Etang de Thau



THE Hérault—France's chief wine producing district—is a region that is rarely visited by tourists. Its soft sandy beaches, its ancient castles and fortified churches are known only to the French. Few English people have seen the Abbey of Saint-Guilhem-le-Désert hidden in the depths of a rocky canyon, or the Abbey of Valmagne that is now used as a wine store, or the ruined cathedral of Maguelone on a narrow strip of sand between the Mediterranean and the salt lagoons.

English yachtsmen, perhaps, know the fish restaurants and waterfront bars at the wine port of Sète; and English motorists who have taken part in the London-Languedoc Rally at least know the vermouth caves of Noilly Prat. But in the main the Hérault is still undiscovered country.

Few visitors penetrate inland to the wild gorges of the Héric or to the Cirque de Navacelles cut into the cliffs of the limestone caisse. And in September and October there are rarely any English helping in the vineyards and joining in the merrymaking as the purple and golden harvest is gathered in.

On the second Sunday in October, Béziers holds its Festival of New Wine. Groups of viticultural workers march in a long procession to the cathedral carrying baskets of grapes and bottles of wine to be blessed. The local dance *La Treille* is performed to the music of tambours and hautbois and a great ball lasts until dawn.

OCTOBER is the time, too, for bull fights. Not cockade snatching but the real thing—*La Mise à Mort*, while late in the month a big wine fair takes place.

Every week, from the first of August to the end of October, weekly markets of table grapes are held in the Hérault villages. Sweet green Chasselas grapes are the first to be picked, Servants among the last. The vendange of the wine grapes begins early in September and continues into October, Picpouls and Clairettes being left on the vine until they have reached the highest possible degree of maturity.

The wine port of Sète lies at the foot of Mont Saint Clair between the sea and the Etang de Thau. Since its main streets are canals, it is often called the Venice of the South. In actual fact it bears more resemblance to Bruges, though it has no fine old mansions along the quaysides. Its pale ochre-coloured houses are commonplace, yet they take on a haunting beauty when reflected in the water.

Sète is a maritime town, with cranes and dock installations in the Nouveau Bassin, cargo boats in the Avant Port. Business men go to work in motor launches. Fishing boats unload their catch of tunny, mackerel and sardines at the quays of the Vieux



The Clock Tower and Palais Consulaire reflected in the tranquil waters of the Canal de Sete

Port. You can eat *bouillabaisse* and *bourride* at the sea-food restaurants, or buy mussel pies and mussel fritters at the *dégustation* stalls.

What are the attractions of Sète? There is the lively raffish appearance of the waterfront; there is yachting, boating, under-water fishing and a good sandy beach within easy distance. On fête days, the Sétinois indulge in the local sport of water jousting with a firework display to round off the occasion.

On the north shore of the Etang de Thau is Bouziques, a small village where oysters are cultivated in shallow parcs. They cling to long rods which are lifted carefully out of the water and taken away in rowing boats.

A CROSS the Etang opposite Sète is the little port of Mèze, sleepy, charming, seldom disturbed by visitors. Old men sit dozing outside the two cafes in the harbour. Dogs lie outstretched in the middle of the road. The sun blazes down. From dark narrow side streets comes the tapping of coopers' hammers. Motor barges come and go, carrying loads of sugar, slabs of cork, casks, barrels and crates of bottles. The only place for a good meal is the Grand

Galion on the main road to Sète, but there are plenty of wine shops.

Another curious port is Agde on the River Hérault, founded by traders from Ancient Greece. It has been sacked and burned too many times for its buildings to boast any architectural merit but its Romanesque cathedral of black basalt is worth seeing.

HOLIDAYMAKERS whose chief interest—save wine—is in sun-bathing and swimming will find a long, almost unbroken sandy beach extending right across the Hérault coast. Valras is the seaside patronized by the people of Béziers; Grau d'Agde and La Tamarissière backed by splendid pinewoods are the nearest beaches for the people in the River Hérault valley; Palavas-les-Flots between the sea and the salt marshes is the resort for Montpellier, the intellectual centre, laid out in the classical style of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

You can bathe well into October. Autumn is in fact the ideal season for a visit to the Herault. The weather is perfect and the people are in holiday mood, carefree and high spirited. And a full programme of amusements is planned for the brief respite when the vendange ends a year of ceaseless toil and vigilance.



THE GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS issues at 12 gns. and 24 gns. (full leather) "Songs and Poems" by Dryden, with illustrations as above and opposite by Lavinia Blythe

ALBERT EGGLER'S "The Everest-Lhotse Adventure" (Allen and Unwin, 21s.) describes a Swiss team's conquest of these peaks. The picture shows Everest's summit



Book Reviews

MR. WAUGH'S ORDEAL

"**S**EEING things" is a recognized form of trouble. But what about hearing—and hearing *what*? Evelyn Waugh's new novel deals with hallucination, and very thoroughly. **The Ordeal Of Gilbert Pinfold** (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.) has a ring of authority, for good reason—Mr. Waugh, we learn, three years ago underwent the same disconcerting experience as his hero. Mr. Pinfold, a novelist of fifty, hears voices. It is Mr. Waugh's belief that his and his Mr. Pinfold's passing affliction is nothing like so rare as may be supposed.

In fact, this unnerving comedy brings to the surface what may be your, my or anyone's form of phobia—that of listening in (heaven knows, inadvertently!) on adverse discussion of oneself. There also are those bad dreams in which someone says: "I think, now, it's time to tell you what we all think of you." Such a nightmare one may not shake off for weeks. In waking hours, one staves off such an outrage; it may be the cultivation of bland immunity is one of the arts implicit in growing up. Mr. Pinfold, however, is caught off guard; nor can he elude his tormentors by a change of location—he is mewed up in the cabin of a ship. His cabin must, he concludes, be wired for sound—therefore, that he is overhearing his fellow passengers the poor fellow does not for a moment doubt.

MR. PINFOLD's voyage on the S.S. Caliban, plying between Liverpool and Rangoon, has, ironically, been undertaken in search of calm. His country home life is pleasant, his reputation secure, yet for some time he has been feeling not quite the thing—indeed, far from it. A strong sleeping potion dissolved in *creme de menthe* has been causing him to come out in blotches, slight persecution symptoms declare themselves; his memory plays embarrassing tricks. His state has been not unobserved by his charming wife.

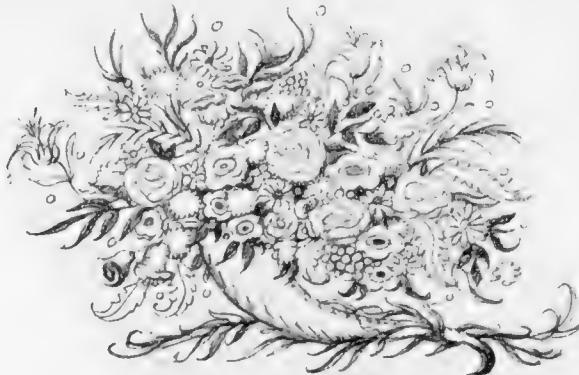
"You haven't always been altogether making sense lately," said Mrs. Pinfold . . . "and you're a very odd colour. Either you're drinking too much or doping too much, or both."

"I wonder if you're right," said Mr. Pinfold. "Perhaps I ought to go slow after Christmas."

Hence, Gilbert Pinfold instated in S.S. Caliban—a ship "middle-aged and middle-class; clean, trustworthy and comfortable, without pretence to luxury. There were no private baths." The cargo, mixed; the passengers "more or less homogeneous. . . . Scotchmen and their wives mostly, travelling on business and on leave. Crew and stewards were Lascars."

WHENCE, then, the voices, and still more sounds—the more demonic for being lifelike? An amateur jazz band plays three-eight rhythm under the sufferer's cabin, a mutiny is quelled brutally on the deck above. A sex talk is administered to a snivelling seaman. A sadistic torture scene—every gasp too clear—is to be overheard from the captain's quarters. A Third Programme talk on the novel, excoriating himself, discharges into the ears of the fuming Pinfold. His political affiliations, his war career, his effective manhood are exposed (it seems) to non-stop searing discussion. Perversions are attributed to him, *ad lib*. Young toughs are, apparently, planning to storm his cabin. A breathless fan one Margaret, offers him love; a she-fiend, Goneril, urges suicide.

And so on. The devastating and racking funniness of *The Ordeal Of Gilbert Pinfold* comes from Mr. Waugh's genius for sheathing terror in mirth. Handled otherwise, this would be one more drab "case" story, or a contrived and over-ingenuous fantasy. As it is, we are given pure entertainment, the better for getting the reader under the skin. Mr. Pinfold's sorties, to the



bar or the captain's table, and attempts to pin down the evils he thinks afoot, give context for superb snatches of Waugh dialogue.

★ ★ ★

JOHN MASTERS' latest novel, **Far, Far The Mountain Peak** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) fills in one of the few gaps left in the Savage-India saga—which should soon, I expect, be almost complete. This story opens, pleasantly, at a May Week ball in 1902: young Emily Fenton meets her fate in the formidable person of Peter Savage—the Cambridge undergraduate shows glints of the ambition-maniac to be. Mountaineering, as the title has promised, plays a considerable part, in addition to furnishing several symbols. On the slopes of the Matterhorn, Peter and Emily fuse in passion, thereby wrecking the lives of Gerry and Peggy, those other members of the May Week quartet.

Other action takes place in Rudwal, in the Punjab, where Peter is D.C., then on the home front and battlefields of World War One. The survivors, next, return to the Punjab, where they suffer further upheavals, including an earthquake. By the end, however, all have redeemed their honours, and the story closes, in sight of the peak Meru, on what we may take to be a harmonious note.

For my tastes, very much too much happens, including a ring of convulsive showdowns in which those involved alternately scream and snarl. I could wish this a more pulled-together book, like *Bhowani Junction*. We do not bid farewell to Peter and Emily until 1920; meanwhile 415 pages have been covered. The drawback, to me, of *Far, Far The Mountain Peak* is that, by the time one does finally reach the end one tends to forget what has happened at the beginning. For other readers, of course, this may not be so.

★ ★ ★

PORTUGAL pays a splendid tribute to our great statesman in **Churchill: The Statesman And The Writer** (Caravel Press, 7s. 6d.). Author, Joaquim Paço, Portuguese novelist, sayist and poet who looms large in the Continental literary scene. And Mr. Paço, also, is qualified for an all-round appreciation of Winston Churchill by the fact that he has held for many years a high position in the Portuguese Foreign Office, and thus an expert on foreign policy. As one would expect, therefore, the link up between the world statesman and the 1953 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature has been ably traced, and is interestingly discussed.

★ ★ ★

A SHORT book of obvious current interest is **Independent Education: in Defence of the Public Schools** (Gollancz, 3s. 6d.), by A. N. Gilkes, High Master of St. Paul's. The topic, so heating to many, is discussed with cool fair-mindedness, and out of thorough knowledge. Well we know what Mr. Gilkes means by "the Iron Ceiling"! His argument for the maintenance of our public schools is rounded up, at the close, by three main contentions: "First, that it is both wrong in principle and dangerous in practice to fasten upon us a State monopoly of education; second, that it is impossible for the State adequately to satisfy the varieties of education that are needed or desirable; thirdly, that it is advantageous positively to encourage an Independent stream of education parallel to the State stream."

The other, or "anti" point of view is examined, in several important passages.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Armstrong Jones

MAX REINHARDT the publisher, whose firm recently amalgamated with the Bodley Head and Werner Laurie, is now managing director of the group

VICTOR CANNING, novelist of adventure and suspense, has recently published "The Manasco Road" (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), a story which is set in Majorca

Mark Gerson



*H. C. Gaskins
and Bystander,
July 31, 1957*

210





Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)

ABOVE: This graceful classic by Julian Rose is in white lurex lace. The strapless bodice is tucked in nylon net draped to the back to tie in a big butterfly bow with long streamers. Approx. 32½ gns., Eve Valere, S.W.1, Alexandrine, Nottingham

ROMANTIC EVENINGS IN AUTUMN

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

LEFT: Linzi's strapless evening dress in pale blue jersey is soft and uncrushable. Its bodice is gathered into a soft, full-gathered skirt and swathed at the waist, emphasized by a full blown rose. Price 9 gns. at Paige Gowns, Bond Street and provinces

OPPOSITE: Frederick Starke's magnificent full-length evening dress in satin faille, the colour of a pale bird's-egg blue, has a huge shawl collar swathing the shoulders and knotting beneath the camisole top bodice. It costs approximately 41 gns. at Harrods and McDonalds of Glasgow, end of August

FROM COCKTAILS TO THE BALLROOM

BELOW LEFT: Linzi's cocktail dress of peacock blue duchesse dugano has a full skirt of unpressed pleats and cleverly cut bodice; 12 gns., Spiro Bros., Baker Street; Fenwicks, Newcastle: middle August. Hat by Madame Vernier. Below right: Phyllis Taylor's strapless princess line short evening dress in white ottoman embroidered in blue has blue chiffon draped at sides; approximately 27 gns. at Dickins & Jones, and Leaders of Leeds





Noel Mayne



LEFT: Frederick Starke's printed moulded silk dress in shades of lavender and smoke has a loose fly-away panel at the back falling from a wide sash, 22½ gns. at Chanelle, Knightsbridge, end of August. Hat by Dolores. Below: a black wool crepe dress by Marcus; the draped bodice has a square neck outlined with grosgrain bands, £22 10s., at Dickins and Jones, J. F. Taylor and Sons, Bristol, in September. Hat by Rene Pavé

Quiet elegance . . .





Noel Massie

afternoon onwards

ABOVE: Enchanting pink rose velvet and satin cocktail hat by Dolores. It costs £13 19s. 6d., Harvey Nichols. Silver fox fur by Molho. Right: Polly Peck's charcoal grey worsted dress has a wide neck outlined with a white piqué collar, and slightly bloused bodice, 10½ gns., at Chanelle, Knightsbridge and Oxford Street; Werff Bros., Birmingham. Hat by Vernier, gloves by Pinkham





WANTED ON VOYAGE

HERE is an outfit to take you anywhere from autumn into winter. By Matita, this fourpiece in a soft brown and green mixture tweed consists of suit, box jacket and blouse. The slender, beautifully tailored suit has a jacket fitted gently to the waist (below left), over which goes a loose box jacket in heavier weight tweed with a large over-check (right). The blouse in handprinted fine wool echoing the subdued colours of the tweed, matches the box-jacket lining and the hat. It costs 56 gns. at Harrods. The swathed turban style hat is by Norman Edwin





Wedgwood's "Moselle" (above), white and black vine leaves on a grey rim, is of fine bone china. A thirty-two piece dinner set costs £46 16s.6d.; a twenty-one piece tea-set, £15 18s. 6d. Hamptons, Marshall & Snelgrove, Robinson & Cleaver

Photographs by
Dennis Smith

Wedgwood's "Mayfield" (right) in the new Barlaston shapes. The colours are as durable as the ware itself. The set illustrated has ruby rims and handles; it can also be had in grey. Tea-set, of 21 pieces, £5 10s. 6d. Stockists are as above

The other pleasures of the table

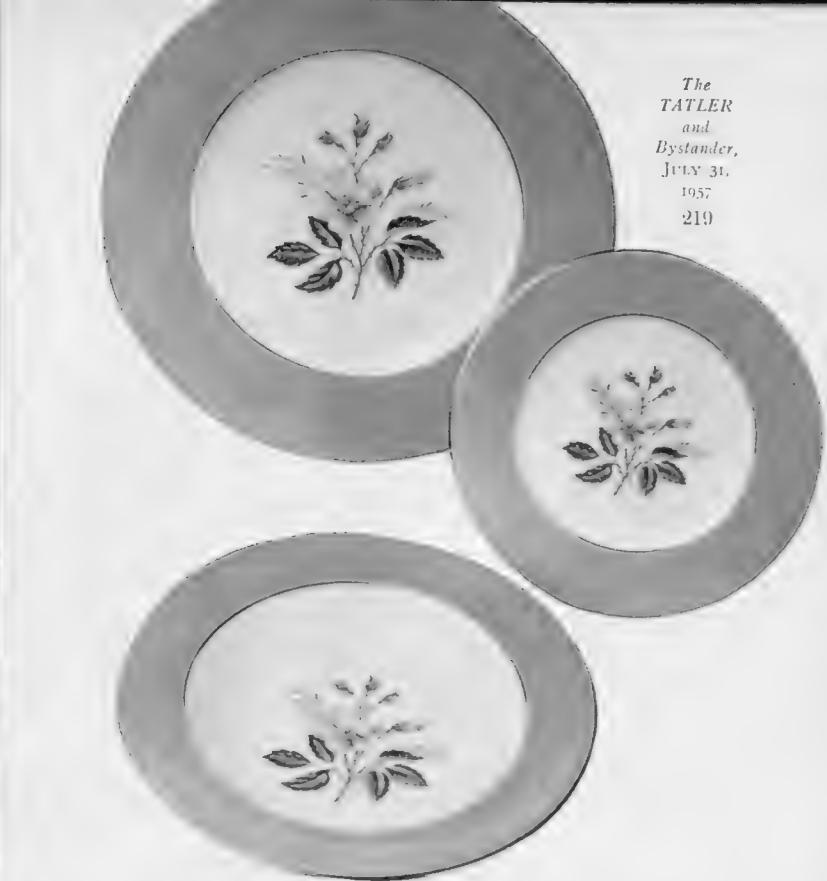
IT has taken some years for Britain to regain the position it unquestionably held before the war in the design of beautiful china. Now, once again, all the skill in colour, design and shape is amply evident in the many fine sets in the shops. At present there is a trend towards full decoration deriving principally from the colours and shapes found in the English countryside

JEAN CLELAND





Copeland-Spode china coffee set (above) with rhododendron design comprises twenty pieces for eight people at £20 1s. Fortnum & Mason sell this prettily designed service



"Greenwood," (above) fine bone china with rim in Thames Green bordered by platinum line. The thirty-two piece dinner service for six costs £47 2s.; twenty-one piece tea set, £16 6s. They come from the suppliers on opposite page

Some examples (below) from a Royal Doulton teaset of twenty-one pieces, in Queens lace design, price £6 5s. Matching teapot, £1 1s. 3d. The set may be had from Fortnum & Mason



"Beaconsfield" (above), by Peter Wall. Fine bone, in greens and yellows. Thirty-two piece dinner set for six, £32 15s. 6d. Coffee pot, £1 14s.; tea cup and saucer, 16s. 9d.; sugar bowl, £1 1s.; plate, 8s. 3d.; milk jug, £1. Suppliers as on opposite page



Beauty

A sylph-like outline without tears



The Aquaplane will help you to make the most of your days by the sea. It costs £12 5s. and is obtainable at Lillywhite's



CHOOSING a new swim suit should be fun. One's heart should be light with the thought of basking and bathing.

I say "should"; but this happy frame of mind is not always present. As one tries on the different styles, one's heart, far from being light, is heavy. The extra pounds which kind but misguided friends assured you did not show, are now revealed with unattractive clarity.

Obviously there is only one thing to do, and that is get rid of them. A depressing business, but not nearly so arduous or so dreary as it used to be. Nowadays it does not mean starvation diet, and it does not mean whipping oneself up into long sessions of strenuous exercise. Experts from various parts of the world have come to our rescue with excellent methods for safe and sensible slimming, and we can now take our choice according to which suits us best, or combine various plans of action to speed things up.

ONE of the very latest scientific ways for slimming effectively has just come to us from Sweden. Already extremely popular on the Continent, in Canada and the U.S.A., it has now been launched in this country. At a party at the Savoy, where beauty experts met to hear all about it, I talked with two colleagues who had already tried it, and were delighted with the results. Not only—so they told me—did they lose weight steadily, at the rate of 4 lb. a week, but they felt altogether better in health during the process.

Larson's new Swedish Milk Diet could really be called a three-day plan. It is simple, it does not upset the health, and it sends the extra pounds on the run. In itself, it is a carefully balanced composition which, while dieting, supplies you with all the essential vitamins, in addition to calcium, phosphorus, other minerals, glucose and lactose. Four times a day you take a heaped teaspoonful in milk, and the entire day's intake is equivalent to only .650 calories. Since this is far below the number of calories allowed in even a normal slimming diet, you can readily see how it is that you lose weight.

The way to use this diet is as follows: Three days a week you forgo your ordinary meals, and take only Larson's S.M.D. (Swedish Milk Diet) in a glass of milk at the ordinary meal times, breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner. On the other four days, you can eat—within reason of course—what you like. Good days for the S.M.D. are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, because this leaves Saturday and Sunday free for normal eating (which is convenient at the week-end), in addition to Tuesday and Thursday.

A GREAT advantage of this diet is that the effort to avoid food is not prolonged, and this, to my mind, is an excellent thing. How often have you known people who, starting full of enthusiasm for a diet scheme, give it up, saying "It was easy at the beginning, but I couldn't stay the course." S.M.D. only goes on for one day at a time, which simplifies the whole thing.

So much for an all-over loss of weight. There still remain those who only want to slim the odd spots. For them there are effective salon treatments by means of which localised fat, which accumulates round the waist, and on the hips and thighs, can be dispersed. This is done by deep hand massage, by various electric devices, by vibration, by suction, or by stretching, as in the case of the Traxator. The Beauty Clinic in Wigmore Street, and Helena Rubinstein in Grafton Street, both specialise in treatments of this kind, and in Elizabeth Arden's salon too, there are various other ways of dealing with the odd spots.

—Jean Cleland



Pearl Freeman

Miss Salley Merton Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Merton Jones, of The Orchard, Limpsfield, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Adam Carnegie-Brown, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carnegie-Brown, of Nairobi, Kenya, and Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.1

ENGAGEMENTS



Yevonde

Miss Sara Jewson, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. H. Jewson, of Mergate Hall, Norwich, Norfolk, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. David Nickerson, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George Nickerson, of Burnt Fen, Horning, near Norwich, Norfolk



Faycer

Miss Sian Prichard, daughter of the late Mr. D. T. Prichard, and of Mrs. L. Rowlands, of Llwyn, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Covill, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Covill, of Macclesfield Road, Buxton, Derbyshire

Mowbray—Hugonin. Mr. John Robert Mowbray, son of Sir George and Lady Mowbray, of Warrennes Wood, Mortimer, Berkshire, married Miss Lavinia Mary Hugonin, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Francis Hugonin, of Stainton House, Stainton in Cleveland, Yorkshire, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London, W.1



Lenare

RECENTLY MARRIED



Owen—Paterson. Mr. John Wilson Owen, son of Mr. E. J. W. Owen, of Sydney, Australia, and Mrs. Brantford, of Johannesburg, married Miss Virginia Juliet Jane Paterson, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. J. F. Paterson, and of Lady Cotter, of Nairobi, Kenya, in Nairobi



Wright—Stockwell. Mr. Harris Wright, only son of the late Mr. S. L. Wright, and of Mrs. Wright, of Nye Barn, Ditchling, Sussex, married Miss Anabel Stockwell, younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Hugh and Lady Stockwell, of Elgin Crescent, W.11, at St. Mary Abchurch, Cannon Street



Crewdson—Beckett. Mr. Peregrine Crewdson, son of Brig. and Mrs. W. T. O. Crewdson, of Basil Street, S.W.1, married The Hon. Clare Beckett, daughter of Lord Grimthorpe, of Easthorpe Hall, Malton, and Mary, Lady Grimthorpe, of Hartley Wintney, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Zervudachi—Gorman. Mr. Nolly Emmanuel Zervudachi, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laky Emmanuel Zervudachi, of Egypt and Lake Maggiore, Italy, married Miss Carolyn Elinor Gorman, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Karney Gorman, of Millisle, Co. Down, at St. Barbaras, Psychiko, Athens



THE MESSER-SCHMITT KR 201 is a sports convertible version of the KR 200, a canvas hood and curved wind-screen replacing the usual plastic dome

Motoring

SPEED AND SAFETY

THOSE who returned to England after the Monza race were enthusiastic about the form of plain, roundabout racing introduced there—to me surprisingly enthusiastic. They were awed and delighted by the American cars and their drivers. They acclaimed the steady, high-speed circulation of a number of vehicles together as a “thrilling spectacle.” Well, I was not there so I suppose that I have little right to question their views. But it would seem logical now to ask the Americans to introduce road-type corners and gradients on the Indianapolis track and to run a race there in the opposite direction to the normal!

That would be fair. For we have seen that when Monza is turned into an imitation Indianapolis, Indianapolis cars win. It would be nice to find out if, with Indianapolis turned into an imitation Grand Prix road circuit, Grand Prix cars would win. I do not understand the flush of excitement with which some of my colleagues greeted the Monza event. Surely we have all been fighting for genuine road racing since the early days of Brooklands.

It is of the utmost value to car development work to have a high speed track like Brooklands was and like Monza and Montlhéry are; a track on which a car can circulate continuously at high speed. But for the best kind of motor sport we do not want that kind of thing. We want a road circuit which engages not only outright speed, but also acceleration, braking and cornering. The rolling start used at Indianapolis and at Monza is a confession of artificiality; for getting away from the rest is an important part of motoring today, and the massed start of a Grand Prix is hugely spectacular. After the great and eventually successful battle for the introduction of artificial road circuits at Brooklands, I fear that I cannot go back on it all and acclaim roundabout racing.

LETTERS are still reaching me about the point I made in this column some weeks ago concerning the different driving methods on the main roads and on country lanes. My correspondence has shown that there is evidence to suggest that many drivers proceed more cautiously on the trunk routes, than when they turn off them on to the secondary routes.

They seem to assume that, because country lanes look comparatively empty, there will never be anything round the blind

corner. They assume that, where there is no pavement, pedestrians will somehow make do with the ditch. I cannot condemn too strongly those drivers who use high speed along narrow country lanes. It is a sign of lack of imagination, and imagination is a prime requisite for safe driving.

One correspondent points out that it is not only safety, but also amenity which is affected. She asks that motorists should not “help in the work of spreading ugliness in England.” Again I agree. If motorists would respect local amenities, they would be doing a service to themselves as well as to others. And note this: that my correspondents, who are complaining of reckless driving round country lanes, are themselves motorists. We are not, in other words, hearing partisan pleading.

THE records set by the Austin A35 at Montlhéry were a justification for the high speed circuit, being the kind of high speed development running to which I referred when speaking of the Monza event. The A35 was driven for seven days and nights and broke seven international speed and duration records. It was driven by a team of five undergraduates, members of the Cambridge University Automobile Club, headed by Gyde Horrocks, the Club's Secretary.

Apart from a higher rear axle ratio, I am told by Austin that the car was an ordinary production model. It will be recalled that all the records were taken at a speed somewhat above 74 miles an hour—and this, of course, included the time taken for fuelling and for changing tyres and drivers. The seven-day endurance record was set at 74.90 miles an hour and the 20,000 kilometres record at 74.89 miles an hour.

These records are all in Class G which is for cars with engines of between 750 and 1,100 cubic centimetres capacity. The A35 engine is of 950 c.c. and has overhead valves and a high compression ratio. The record was made during the hot spell, when temperatures in Paris rose to well over 35 degrees Centigrade. Temperature in the driving compartment reached nearly 50 degrees Centigrade, which is 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

I SAW an accident the other day in which a man and a woman on a Lambretta were turning a corner where there was an island. The man was clearly wondering which of two roads to take and automatically went round the island, which had a large memorial upon it blocking the view. A car was coming along the road, fortunately very slowly, and the Lambretta drove directly across its path.

Now it so happens that those who know that corner, know that it is the rule to go to the right of the island. But surely in such instances there should be a clearer indication. It is especially important at intersections where a driver may be wondering which road to take, to have the customary traffic flow indicated in the clearest terms. In the absence of such indication the driver not familiar with the place will obviously keep to the left of the island. Better signposting and better route indications would help to save accidents.

—Oliver Stewart



MISS EVE BOSWELL is the popular recording star who has steadily been making a name for herself since she left South Africa. She is often heard over the air, and has appeared frequently in cabaret



Houston Rogers

The Gramophone

REDISCOVERING LISZT

WE are once again indebted to Sir Thomas Beecham, this time for his rediscovery of the Liszt setting to Psalm 13 "Lord, How Long?" which has been beautifully recorded by the Beecham Choral Society, Walter Midgley and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The recording is shared with Brahms' Academic Festival Overture, Opus 80, and "Song Of Destiny, Opus 54"; particularly well recorded and played is the Academic Festival Overture.

Walter Midgley is heard far too infrequently on gramophone records; yet his voice is admirably suited to this music, and he gives a thoroughly competent interpretation of it. A word of praise is due to the Chorus so ably trained by Denis Vaughan.

This is a record that should not be overlooked by the knowledgeable and fastidious collector. (Columbia 33CX1429.)

A name that will be new to many appears in the supplements here for the first time. It is that of the Hungarian pianist Gyorgy Cziffra, who, with the Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by Pierre Dervaux, plays Concerto No. 1 in E Flat, and Hungarian Fantasia, both by Liszt.

Cziffra escaped from Budapest during the revolution last year and subsequently gave a recital in Vienna. He was immediately offered a recording contract by Pathé-Marconi. Since then he has moved from Vienna to Paris. He gives a sensitive and intelligent performance, and there seems now to be absolutely no reason why he should not create an international demand for his services on both concert platform and gramophone record. (H.M.V. ALP.1455.)

THAT excellent singer, Ian Wallace, at present appearing at Drury Lane Theatre in *Fanny*, sings Michael Flanders-Donald Swann's "The Hippopotamus Song," coupling it with "Welcome Home" from the Lane show. I suggest that this is a record many will want, not only because of its current interest, but because it is something well worth hearing again and again as the years pass on. (Parlophone R.4296.)

The teenagers with Frankie Lymon, having made their London stage debut at the Palladium recently, offer "Baby, Baby" and "I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent" from the film *Rock, Rock, Rock* (Columbia DB3878) and, if you're feeling strong enough for more, add "Teenage Love," "Am I Fooling Myself Again" and "Love Is A Clown" which can be heard on an E.P. (Columbia SEG694). Bernard Miles, always good to hear, has just recorded "As I Was Driving" and "The Titlark Song," and how refreshing it is to listen to the result. (Decca F.10870.)

And from Scotland comes Jimmy Shand and His Band with a "Dance Party" (Beltona ABL507), while Kenneth McKellar sings "A Dream o' Hame," "The Thistle Of Scotland," "Dream Angus," and "Far Away Isle" (Beltona SEP32).

—Robert Tredinnick

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DINING IN

Ici on parle français



THE ESQUIRE DRINK BOOK (Frederick Muller, 30s.) is a real treasure trove to all the convivially minded. This guide to wines, liquors, beers, punches and cordials is lavishly illustrated in colour

DINING IN this week is linked up, in a way, with Dining Out. A letter from a reader complains of (1) my use of French words and terms in my notes on cookery and (2) the "foreign" names of dishes on the menus of English restaurants.

Let me say at once that I use only the accepted terms and that I must agree that certain menus are bewildering. French names for dishes on an English menu are, however, sometimes clarified. The Savoy in London, for instance, makes things clear for guests who may not understand the language of *la Haute Cuisine* (High Kitchen). One can understand that "L'Etouffée de Filet de Boeuf Bristol" is beef in some form but, underneath the French name, the explanation is "Braised Fillet of Beef with onions, gherkins and creamed sauce, served with pearl barley." So that's the "Bristol" part!

Then there is "La Cuisse de Chapon Grillé Diablique Tyrolienne," which one might guess to be the very devil of an Austrian dish. But no!—it, too, is carefully explained: "Grilled mustarded (sic) leg of chicken with bacon, mushrooms, fried onions, tomatoes and straw potatoes."

Curiously enough, in many Paris restaurants one finds English names: "Mixed Grill," "Mutton Chop," "Steak" (which every British tourist can recognize), and that odd portmanteau word, "Rosbif," which one need only speak aloud to understand.

If French dishes need to be explained, some of our own British ones should also be, even for English-speaking visitors. I have an American friend (from Paris) who found "Scotch Woodcock" on a British bill of fare. "Bécasse" (snipe), she thought, and was attracted by its inexpensiveness. No bird, but scrambled eggs on anchovy-paste-spread toast! "Toad-in-the-Hole," to an English-speaking Frenchman, might suggest frogs' legs—but no one would ever know that a Bath Chap had no relationship whatever to Beau Nash. . . .

AND now for my own "French" terms, and the exact translations I am asked to give. Very well, "Bouquet garni"—"Garnished bouquet." A garnished bouquet of flowers? A garnished bouquet (perfume) of wine? Or shall I use Escoffier's word for the same thing—"faggot"? This, says the dictionary, is "a bundle of sticks or small branches of trees used for fuel." Or, as the word is, obviously, concerned with cookery, can a "faggot" be that North Country savoury preparation of pig's liver, fat pork, onions, breadcrumbs and herbs, coated with caul and slowly baked? (And what about the caul itself?)

Much better, I think, to use the generally accepted term, "Bouquet Garni," which, in its simplest form, is usually composed of parsley stalks, thyme and a bay leaf, tied together, and used for the flavouring of soups and stews and *court bouillon* ("short clear soup!") in which fish is poached.

"Petite Marmite"—"Little Pot." Little pot of what? Jam, flowers, fish paste, cream? Let "Petite Marmite" stand. It is a famous French clear soup. I do not think that "Beef and Chicken Broth" would sound the same.

I remember an occasion, at a "banquet" in a London restaurant, when a fellow guest said "Thick" in answer to the waiter's "Thick or clear?" When the soup arrived, he tasted it—and frowned. "Here!" he exclaimed, "this soup has a fishy taste!"

The menu said "Bisque Homard." Had it said "Lobster Bisk," he would have known exactly what it was. Or would he?

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Rendezvous with the P.M.G.

WHEN I suddenly received an invitation to visit Romanèche-Thorins in the heart of the Beaujolais district where the famous Moulin-à-Vent is situated, to be initiated as a Compagnon du Beaujolais, I was delighted. As time was limited and a fast car was essential, I approached a very old friend, R. F. Fugle of Bushey Heath, who has been established with a considerable reputation in the motor trade since 1903. By what might well be described as a "gesture extraordinary," he loaned me a brand new Bristol 405, cost price £3,500, and what is more sent his son, Richard, to act as chauffeur when required; I could have had no better companion as his hobby has been good food and fine wine for many years.

We stayed overnight at the Dover Stage, the first "Coachotel" in Europe, a brilliantly modern affair, which proved an excellent solution for a one-night stay. Then across the Channel and on to Beaune, Macon and Romanèche-Thorins at a nice steady 80 m.p.h. in pouring rain.

The first person we met was Harry Waugh, a director of Harvey's of Bristol, a Compagnon du Beaujolais, and a great enthusiast, together with Dorrien Belsen, his co-director, who was also to be initiated.

THE guest of honour, another candidate, turned out to be Ernest Marples, our Postmaster General, who had been on a cycling tour in France with his wife. It caused much surprise among some of the French that a Cabinet Minister of *La Reine Elizabeth II* should appear on a pushbike while Mr. Bickerstaff of The TATLER appeared in a 35 million franc Bristol, and they were much amused when I explained the difference was that the pushbike at least belonged to the Postmaster General, while the Bristol was unfortunately not my property.

The rain poured down incessantly so we all retired to the huge cellars of the Château du Moulin-à-Vent, where we were greeted by the Fraternité in black hats, green aprons and black and gold waistcoats. We then swore an oath in French, part of which was to "d'apprécier et de propager les produits de ses Vignes"—which will present no difficulty. All the while a brass band was playing with great vigour and the daughters of the vignerons in the local costumes sang songs.

We were presented with a fully inscribed scroll and a silver tastevin on a green silk cord, and then offered a huge tastevin containing a lot of wine which we were supposed to drain to the last drop, which we did with pleasure. This was followed by a Vin d'Honneur and then a marvellous dinner, during which the entire centres of the long tables were jampacked with bottles which were continually replaced.

Seldom has the Entente Cordiale been more strongly fortified.

—I. Bickerstaff



THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, Mr. Ernest Marples (centre) is seen at the ceremony initiating new members to the Compagnons du Beaujolais. On the left is Mr. Jacques Depagneux, a wine merchant in the Beaujolais, and on the right Mr. Dorrien Belsen, a director of Harvey's

Holiday in Madeira

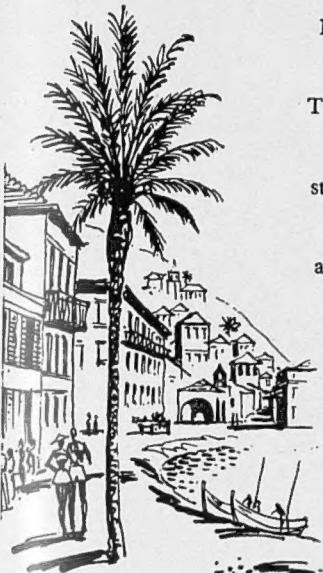


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PS. We will be most grateful if all names and addresses are written boldly in block capitals!

† Thomas Moore
1779-1852